

## JERU THE DAMAJA – THE CRACK LYRICS

[interlude: jeru the damaja]

yeah, jeru the damaja  
the master of microphone mayhem  
representing that real hip-hop  
you know, i don't know what the f-ck ya'll motherf-ckers is doing  
but i'll be spitting that dope  
know what i mean?  
i put it down like this:

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]

i always get respect, i'm high-tech like computer love  
n-ggas don't approach me talk tough but [?] mostly  
and even though you holler i don't think that you're rough enough  
f-ck it money knuckle up and get your sh-t bust  
i'm so funky even rock-n-roll heads want me  
come off the wall get cracked the f-ck up like humptey, dumptey  
i'm busting shots like i'm still on the block  
real g's hold their own, fake thugs call the cops  
dont need guns, just the warriors drums  
of course, the force, rip off your mog like dum-dums  
so go ahead and act dumb  
i use my mike like a magnum  
and send you back where you came from  
wild on the track, run first shut the spot down  
cats is getting hurt, like convicts on lockdown  
on the real, i'm that negro pound for pound  
leave your click wet like water, break your mp3 recorder  
play lowkey, but never sneak like a ninja  
so much the man, crackers in the clan wanna be a n-gga  
go figure, now i [?] your honey figure, moe  
pop your luck in the hood then moe liquor  
get them tipsy, like heineken mixed with 'henney  
burn mc's worse than kenwill mars burn penny  
on good times, i'm the [?] for rocking minds  
my pops the root on the block, with the fat dimes  
true climbs and confessions, jam sessions, heads bop, chickens' heads quap, they said they prese  
'cause like blessin'  
the lord never stressin', f-ck you perception, i'm the motherf-cker on the mike; no question  
from state to state, i'm holding mad weight  
but not drugs, the bulletproof munk deflects slugs of hate  
where's my hat, i'm 'bout to dig out your date

i guess you's a lame, she says she like the way i love me  
all hail the king when i swing like kong  
stay cool and calm, blow like an atom bomb  
blow sh-t up  
like zorro, you can call me the don diego  
f-ck a hook i got 'em hooked like yayo  
[?] brooklyn cats just don't know how to act  
f-ck what you thought was dope, this sh-t is the crack

the crack

[sound of crack pipe being lit up]